THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for the law shall go forth from Zion."—MICAH IV: 2.

No. 23, Vol. LV. Monday, June 5, 1893. Price One Penny.

DISCOURSE BY PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON.

THE following discourse was delivered by President George Q. Cannon in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, March 26, 1893:

I desire, in standing up before you this afternoon, to ask you for the exercise of your faith in my behalf, that I may be able to speak. I have been suffering for two weeks from a very severe attack of influenza, or la grippe, or something of that character, and it has weakened me considerably. I am greatly pleased at having the opportunity this afternoon to meet with the Saints in this Tabernacle. I have not had the privilege for several weeks of meeting with my brethren and sisters to partake of the Sacrament.

There is no society upon the earth that is so sweet to a Latter-day Saint as the society of his brethren and sisters. There is a nearness, a oneness, an identity of feeling, among the Latter-day Saints, and they feel as though their interests were in common, and that the objects that they have in view were the same. The Lord has promised that He would give unto His people the spirit of union and of love, and that promise has been very abundantly fulfilled; and not only is the feeling of love bestowed upon the Latter-day Saints for each other, but also for mankind at large. President Taylor, when he was living, sometimes would quote a prayer that somebody had used,—"God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." Now, that is not the kind of a prayer that the Latter-day Saints offer; for though we feel love for our brethren and sisters, and are united with them, our love at least ought to extend—and I trust it does extend—to all mankind, as our brethren and sisters, bound together by ties that cannot be broken, even the ties of a common parentage. It is this faith and understanding on the part of the

Latter-day Saints that causes their hearts to yearn for the salvation of all, knowing as they do that God is our Father, and that all mankind are His children. It makes no difference where they are, nor what color they may be, nor what are their peculiarities, their language, their surroundings, or their creeds, as to their being our brethren and sisters. This is the relationship which exists among the human family. When we look upon God as the Father of the human race, not in a metaphorical but in a literal sense, it brings us into close connection with each other. We are then indeed one; and when we have this feeling we are inspired with a desire to impart unto all the inhabitants of the earth—all the children of our God—any blessings we may enjoy. If they are blessings of a spiritual nature, we want to make them known and to point out how they can be obtained. If they are blessings of a temporal character, we also should desire to impart them, and to have them shared in by our brethren and sisters. This is the Gospel of salvation. This is the plan which God has devised for the redemption and exaltation of all His children; and when men and women become acquainted with this Gospel, they feel a burning desire in their hearts to impart its blessings unto all with whom they are brought in contact. The same spirit and feeling which prompted the Lord Jesus to come and make Himself an offering for sin, and to be willing to be sacrificed for His brethren and sisters, rests upon us, and we feel as though we in our turn and in our place are willing to do all that we can to contribute to the salvation of humanity. It is a feeling that we should cultivate, because it comes from God; and in cultivating, cherishing, and exercising it, we follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Master. I believe the Latter-day Saints have, to a very goodly extent, exhibited this feeling. There is much yet remaining for us to do; there is an immense field stretching out before us for the exercise of these qualities and this disposition; yet there are many scenes we have passed through that are very pleasant to reflect upon in connection with the labors of the Elders and people of this Church.

The Gospel has been preached to the nations of the earth by our Elders without money and without price. They have left their homes, their families, and the pleasant associations that surrounded them, for the purpose of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to those who were ignorant of the principles of the Gospel; and they have gone very freely, very ungrudgingly, and have not spared time or labor. They have practiced self-denial to a wonderful extent, and in doing this have been prompted by a desire to save the souls of the children of men, to bring them to the knowledge of the Gospel, to impart unto them the joy that they themselves had received. This has been done now for a great many years. A few days only remain of the sixty-three years since this Church was organized, and during that time thousands upon thousands of Elders have gone forth preaching to the inhabitants of the earth, declaring unto them the message which God has given. The world cannot say, "You have concealed that which God revealed to you; you have prevented us from hearing it, because you charged for your labors, or you limited your travels to favored places, where you could get remuneration

for your time." The world cannot say that concerning the Latter-day Saints, for they have gone, and gone freely, and have declared, as they have had opportunity, the grand and glorious message of which they have been the bearers—that God has spoken from the heavens; has broken the long silence that has reigned; has revealed His purposes once more to the children of men in plainness; has restored the old authority by which men performed such mighty works in His name in ancient days; has restored the old church organization in its complete fulness, and has bestowed once more the Holy Ghost upon men.

This message the Elders of this Church have borne, and they have gone from land to land, according to the opportunities they have had, and have declared it unto the inhabitants of the earth. And what has been the motive that has prompted them? The motive has been to do the will of God, and then to save the souls of the children of men—to impart to them the message of salvation, and to warn them of approaching judgments. I believe they have been as faithful in this generation as Noah and his sons were before the flood. Of course, we know but little about the efforts they made. We only know that God gave Noah a message and prepared a plan of salvation for the inhabitants of the earth; and no doubt he declared, with all the power that he had, the message that God had given unto him. But it had little effect upon the inhabitants of the earth. Our message has been better received. We have thousands who have listened to it, and who have believed it, and who have taken the steps which God has pointed out to receive the benefit which follows obedience to it. As it was in the days of Noah, the Savior said, so it shall be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man. And we are living in those days, and this work that we are engaged in is a preparatory work —to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord, that the earth shall not be visited by the calamities that shall precede His coming without the inhabitants being warned concerning them. It is for this purpose that the Lord has poured out upon the people in these last days the spirit of gathering. It has rested upon the inhabitants of every land who have received the Gospel, and they have gathered to these mountains and valleys. They have come because they believe that God has commanded them to come, and the evidence that he has commanded them to come has been received by them through the outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon them.

It is a remarkable fact, that of all the thousands of Latter-day Saints that have crossed the ocean to come to Zion there has scarcely an accident ever happened to one of them. It is now fifty-three years since the Latter-day Saints commenced to leave Europe for America, and during that period they have traveled as though they were insured of heaven. Who ever heard of Elders being lost, or companies of Saints meeting with accidents and being destroyed? It is marvelous when we contemplate it, considering the numbers that have traveled and the length of time that has been covered by their travels. There has been a special providence over the people in gathering them from the far distant lands where they formerly lived, and it is because God has commanded them to gather.

Not only has He commanded this people to gather, but He has commanded all people to listen to this message with which the Elders are entrusted, and to obey it, and to gather out from Babylon. When I say Babylon, I mean that corrupt system of things that prevails throughout the earth, and which is likely to be overthrown sooner or later.

Now, I have said that the Latter-day Saints have shown their love, to some extent. While I was mentioning that, it occurred to me that there has been an exhibition of love and self-sacrifice, covering some years, that is now scarcely thought of by the people. I allude to the sending down, for a series of years, trains from this valley and from other valleys to the frontier, to bring out the poor Saints. This is almost forgotten now. A new generation has grown up since those times, railroads have been built, and no one thinks now about our old mode of travel. But for a number of years there were hundreds of teams sent from this territory to bring up the poor Saints from the Missouri river, and after the railroad was commenced, from the end of the track. For years there were sent 500 wagons, 2000 yoke of cattle (for each wagon had four yoke of cattle), 500 teamsters, with guards to watch the cattle, flour to feed 500 teamsters, and the additional guards, also the emigrants that had to be transported. In this labor they spent the most valuable part of the year for work, bringing the Saints up from the river, supplying them with food, caching flour as they went down, and picking it up again as they returned. Think of the expense of this! This was all done by the people who sent these teams without direct pay—they got some credit, I suppose, on their tithing, but they got no money. Each entire year would be spent in this manner gathering the poor Saints! What was it for? Why did the people do this? Where can you find such an exhibition of kindness, such a desire to help others? Nowhere. You may search in vain elsewhere for such an illustration of kindness and good feeling and brotherly love. What was the motive? It was to help the people, and to extend to them the blessings that they themselves enjoyed. It was to contribute to their temporal salvation—precisely the same principle that prompts them when called to go upon missions, to leave their wives, their children, their fathers and mothers, and all the tender associations of life, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth.

These are exhibitions of love. I thank God for them. I thank God that I live at a time and among a people who are capable of comprehending the purposes of God, and who have risen to such heights of self-sacrifice as this. I think it is good to reflect upon, that there are people on the earth who have these feelings, and who are not sordid and selfish, and thoroughly engrossed in helping themselves at the expense of their neighbors; but who live for humanity and for something more than the accumulation of perishable riches, and who love their fellows sufficiently to do anything they can for their salvation. These valleys have been settled by a people of this kind. We have been sustained here by that principle of brotherly love. We never could have done that which has been done; we never could have maintained our foothold in these valleys; we would have perished by starvation, or by Indians, or by other evils,

had this feeling not prevailed. The very settlement of Salt Lake City was only made possible by this brotherly love and affection. So it has been from that time till the present. In 1855 and 1856 I suppose hundreds of people would have perished in our settlements, through the grasshopper visitation, had it not been for the disposition to help each other; starvation was averted by this feeling. I thank God for its restoration to the earth. It makes one feel that there is one spot on the earth, at least, that is not wholly given over to the worship of mammon; that there is a people in whose bosoms burn some of the old feelings of which we read in the Bible, and which we know are from God. It is delightful to think that these feelings are not entirely obliterated from the earth, but that there is a people who are seeking to cherish them, to maintain them, and to impart them to their children after them.

And yet with all this how far we are ourselves from being what we should be! We have constantly to be battling against selfishness, and many of our people almost fear lest we shall be overcome by these evil influences that are surging around us, and are washing, as it were, against our very thresholds. There is danger to be feared from this spirit of evil, of selfishness, of "devil-take-the-hindmost," of every man for himself, and many in our midst succumb to these influences after all that has been done to bring them to a knowledge of the truth. They forget the lessons that God has taught and is teaching, and they yield themselves to the spirit of the world, from which we have been gathered. I suppose this will continue to be the case until Satan is bound. God will not take away our agency. He has given you and me our agency to do as we please. I will not say that He cannot take away our agency; that would be irreverent; but it is not consistent with His plan to take away anybody's agency. Every human being has his agency. We can serve God or we can serve the devil. We can listen to the voice of the Spirit of God and the entreaties that we hear from it, or we can reject them and listen to evil blandishments and allurements. There is a percentage, perhaps,—I trust it is very small, and I am led to believe it is—of the Latter-day Saints who forget the lessons God is teaching, and who yield to sin and seek to build themselves up instead of the Zion of God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME SOLID FACTS.

THE army of clerks working in the large building off Parliament Street, London, at the sorting of the census papers filled up on the 5th of April, 1891, and at the tabulation of the facts recorded, have by no means completed the details of their task.

Some results have been obtained, however, the most important being that the number of living persons in the United Kingdom at 12 p.m. on the day named was 37,740,283. This figure does not include the population of islands in the British seas—the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, which were inhabited by 147,870 persons.

In 1821 the population of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales was

20,893,584, so that during the past seventy years we have nearly doubled our numbers, or, in other words, these islands now support 1,600 million pounds' weight of human beings *in excess* of their already considerable burden in 1821, while some 17 million additional mouths now require solid and fluid pabulum, as compared with those seeking supplies when this effete old century was sixty years younger.

The net increase since 1881 is about three millions; England, Scotland, and Wales having grown in number, and Ireland having now half-a-million fewer inhabitants than it possessed ten years ago.

The estimated population, based upon the previous rate of increase, was 700,000 in excess of the actual number: not a large error in proportion to the 38 millions, the ratio of the excess being only 1·8 per cent. In fact, the estimate was a good one if we remember that the growth of population depends upon the balance between emigration and immigration, as well as upon the balance between births and deaths.

The distribution of this mass of people, was: England, 27½ millions; Ireland, 5; Scotland, 4; and Wales, 1½. As regards England and Wales, there were 14 males to every 15 females, and as there were more male than female children, it is probable that adult women now outnumber adult men by some two millions. This is an unwelcome fact to the marriageable female, and it is also emphasized by a growing tendency of the male animal to defer his wedding-day.

There were 5½ millions of inhabited houses occupied by the English and Welsh, 38,000 more were being built for them, and 380,000 were for some reason left uninhabited by them; 72 per cent. of the people lived in large towns or cities, and 28 per cent. in country or rural districts.

London's population is 4,211,056, as compared with 3,815,544 in 1881. These figures do not include all the suburbs, but only such of them as come within Inner London; and yet, London has 14½ persons to every 100 in the whole of England and Wales, and contains more people than the whole of Scotland. The significance of this fact is well shown if we look at a map, and note the paltry size of this mere spot on its surface, which contains, however, 14.5 per cent. of the English and Welsh people. What a grim struggle for life is suggested by such a condensation of the population!

After London, a long way after, the four most populous places are Liverpool (518,000), Manchester (505,000), Birmingham (429,000), and Leeds (367,000).

Of the English counties, Lancashire heads the list with nearly four millions, and little Middlesex ranks second with 3¼ millions of people. Yorkshire comes third with 2½ millions, while Rutlandshire is last, with only twenty thousand inhabitants.

As regards the number of persons to one house, the figures for the whole of England and Wales give rather over five people to each house. Lancashire, the premier county numerically, has just five inhabitants for each house it contains, and Middlesex has 7½ persons for every house in the county—a striking difference, especially as houses are built so much closer together in Middlesex than in Lancashire, county for county.—*Answers.*

FACTS AND EVENTS.

Only two Americans, it is said, were naturalized in England last year.

The town of Kowal, Poland, eigthty miles south of Warsaw, with a population of 35,000, was swept by a conflagration on May 4. One hundred and sixteen houses, including a hospital and asylum, were destroyed. Three hundred families are homeless and destitute, and eighty persons perished in the flames.

The Great Empire State Express engine 999 has broken her record of 102 miles an hour. The test was made between the Rochester depot and Buffalo, U. S. A., recently. After Batavia was reached engineer Hogan let her out, and the engine hauling the Great Empire Express train was going at the rate of a mile in thirty-five seconds at Crittenden. Beyond Crittenden the world's record of a mile in thirty-two seconds was made. This is equivalent to 112½ miles an hour.

It is reported from New York, U.S.A., that the heaviest rainfall ever experienced passed over Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana during Saturday and Sunday, May 27 and 28. Large tracts of country in the states mentioned were flooded, and the loss sustained by the planters was enormous. In East Carroll, Moorhouse, and West Carroll parishes, in Louisiana, at least ten thousand people were rendered homeless, and suffered terrible privation. With the exception of a few small elevations, the whole of the north-eastern part of the state was submerged.

A shocking story of cannibalism is reported from the river Niger. Two powerful tribes near Onitsha fought and several hundreds were killed. The defeated tribe had not time to carry away their dead, which fell into the hands of the enemy. The most horrible acts of cannibalism were then resorted to. The bodies were cut up and a great feast was indulged in; but as the flesh could not all be eaten that day what remained of it was salted and put by for future requirements. The skin was carefully stripped from the bodies and was left in the sun for several days to dry, and was then made into tom-toms or drums. It is considered in the river Niger very much more dignified to have a drum made from the skin of a human being than that of a goat.

Mr. W. Hopley Ashton, one of the counsel for the Chinese government, in the recent case brought in the Supreme Court of the United States to test the constitutionality of the Geary law relating to Chinese immigration, is reported to have recently said that a new Chinese Minister was on his way to Washington, and would be there in about a month. He also stated that an ultimatum had been sent from the Chinese government to that of the United States, which informed the latter government that if the provisions of the Geary law were carried out all diplomatic and commercial relations between the two countries would come to an end, and the American citizens now in China be asked to quit the country.

Mr. Hugh Clements, the London meteorologist, states that the recent drought furnishes a remarkable confirmation of the 186 years' cycle, which he claims to have discovered in 1866. In 1707, just 186 years ago, there was a drought like that of this year; both lasted for seventy-one days, the drought this year beginning and ending a week earlier. The reason of this coincidence is asserted to be that the weather repeats itself every 186 years, which is the least common multiple of the three motions of the moon, viz., the apsidal in 8.85 years, the nodal in 18.6 years, and the tidal in 62 years. Lisle, the chronicler, states that in 1707 there was a drought from March 12 to May 22. The sun was hot by day; the spring corn did not come up till June; there was a hot summer; and the wheat was much blighted. There was showery weather in harvest, and Derham states that July 8 was so extremely hot and suffocating, by reason of no wind stirring, that some persons died. From the exact resemblance of the drought in 1707 and 1893 the same weather for the remainder of the year is regarded by Mr. Clements as a certainty, but seven days earlier in its incidence 186 years ago; and, therefore, instead of July 8, as mentioned, the great heat would take place at the beginning of that month.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1893.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE"—LOST?

ONE Sunday morning a few weeks ago, as the writer, in company with two friends, was walking along one of the thoroughfares of London, a vacant piece of ground was passed, across which run the brick arches of one of England's greatest railroads—the Midland. Usually this spot is empty; but that morning there was a large crowd of people upon it, who were broken up into several groups, each of which was gathered about a public speaker. Although there was not much variety in the crowd—mostly composed of working-men in rough, unwashed, careless fashion—there was some variety in the speakers. One was preaching total abstinence, while another denied the very being of a God, and was holding up the Scriptures to ridicule. Another who had around him a larger gathering than the others, was a short, thick-set square man, with a small compact head, from which a pair of deep set piercing eyes looked at the audience with an eager intensity of gaze. His words which arrested the passers by, as they drew near the stand, were: "What must I do to be"—lost?

As the words of the Scriptures, "What must I do to be saved?" are, ordinarily, taken as a text, and the story of the man who spoke those words, and of the answer that was given to his question, are of the deepest interest, the substitution of the last word in the question, of "saved" for "lost," by the speaker, was, indeed, a surprise. The question was so strange that many stopped to listen. He went on: "I must tell you first of all that it is very difficult to be lost. And I am afraid you all believe that very strongly. You have got hold of the notion that God is all pity and tenderness; that He is like a human father, who surely wouldn't destroy His children for their little faults, their little lies, their little disobediences, and their little pickings and stealings. Or you have heard so much about God's forgiving love, and about His infinite patience, that you have come to think that just whenever you please, just an hour before you die perhaps, you can ask Him to forgive your sins, and it will then be all right. Perhaps you have read in the Gospel that when the prodigal son chose to come back to his father, he was forgiven and set alright again. Or you have heard about the laborer beginning at the eleventh hour and

yet getting his full day's wage. Or perhaps you are thinking of that dying thief, who with his last breath begged for mercy, and was at once told by the Lord Jesus Christ that that very day he should be in Paradise. Now I want to tell you that all these things are in the Bible; and they are all true; and I am thinking of such things when I tell you that it is very difficult to be lost."

Several of the hearers looked curiously at the speaker and then at his audience. It was evident that many were becoming interested but could not see the preacher's drift. He continued, "It is very difficult; and the difficulty lies in the great pity and loving patience of God. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, if so it may be. Sinful as the world was He loved it well enough to send His Son to be its Savior; and He loves it well enough still to offer His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Yes, He waits to be gracious. All day long is He stretching out His loving hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are strongly concerned that men should not die in their sins. The Bible is full of God's assurances of forgiveness to all who forsake their sins and turn to Him. And so I dare to say to you to-day that it is not easy to be lost; in the face of God's fatherly love, of the sacrifice of Jesus, and of the patience of the Holy Ghost."

Here the speaker dropped the piercing, pleading notes in which he had been addressing the crowd, to deep, solemn tones, and concluded: "Let me answer the question I asked at the commencement. To begin with, there is a sense in which you are lost. Just as you are at this moment, without waiting for any more years of sin. If you are not saved, you are lost; now; and as you stand here. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;' 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.' There is the test; unless you change from what you have been all your life, you are lost now. So in order to be lost there is no need that you should go away and be more wicked and neglectful of God than you have ever been. No; you have nothing to do but still to keep away from Christ, and you will surely be finally lost." The speaker left the platform, and was soon lost in the throng, many of whose faces wore a look of mingled disappointment and chagrin, while a considerable number joined the audiences of the atheist orator and temperance lecturer.

A few days later, the writer and his friends formed part of an audience listening to a young man who announced himself as having traveled nearly six thousand miles to preach the only true Gospel, which had been restored to earth in the last days by an angel from God. This young preacher had evidently been an attentive listener to the remarks of the speaker referred to above, as he quoted the same question "What must I do to be"—lost? and said, "Part of the answer to the question is this: Don't trouble yourself about the future, don't look into your past life, and don't estimate your true character. Don't try to find out whether you need to be saved; and don't ask whether or not you can be saved. Above all don't recognize the atoning blood of the Savior. 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;' but don't ask him to quicken you.

The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost; but just you keep out of his way and you will remain lost. The Holy Spirit helps men in their weakness and ignorance, and God gives the Holy Ghost to those who have yielded obedience to the requirements of the Gospel,—who have repented of their sins, been baptized by immersion for the remission of those sins, and had hands laid upon them for the reception of the Holy Ghost,—but if you want to be lost don't comply with these ordinances, nor ask for these heavenly gifts. Just keep as you are. Go on with your work; enjoy yourself all you can. Don't open your Bible, and, above all, don't pray. Thus you see there is really nothing to do in order to be lost. By a simple process of 'letting alone' you will reach the inevitable result and all will be lost."

This time the faces of the crowd were closely watched, and the uneasy working of the lips, and the restless expression in the eye, showed how thoroughly the sad touch of irony of the preacher was appreciated. That some of the hearers were getting uncomfortable under the thrusts aimed at them was evident in their moving off towards the outskirts of the rather diminutive audience. But the preacher seemed little affected by the diminishing numbers of his listeners for he proceeded to close his remarks thus: "This is the popular and easy method by which souls are lost; just by doing nothing. For every atheist there are hundreds of idle doubters who won't take the trouble to inquire about the truth. They simply drift along easily through life, thinking as little as they can about death, judgment, and eternity, but drawing nearer to them all the time. We don't quite know what this word 'lost' means; but we do know that 'straight is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it,' but 'wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat,' and that it is not so difficult to be 'lost' as many suppose. If we do not know what 'lost' means, we know that it is serious enough—that true peace of mind is lost, that none can be truly happy till, through yielding obedience to the saving principles of the Gospel, they stand right with God. Above all, eternal life and happiness are lost, for 'He that hath not the Son of God hath not life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'"

Then, rising again in the strains of his voice, the speaker cried: "Lost forever! How soon this may be! This night thy soul may be required of thee; an hour may bring you face to face with death. Are you prepared to face your Maker? Have you no sins to repent of? Hear His words once again: 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.' Believe it; 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' not lost."

The printed page cannot represent the harrowing emphasis of this street-preacher's last words. His voice had risen with a growing intensity that held the remaining listeners spell-bound, and before the last words had fallen from his lips, his hearers were ready to believe that "none save the meek and righteous shall inherit the earth, and none but the pure in heart can look upon God's face and live."

W. B. D., Jr.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, a famous London divine and author, in a very remarkable article which has caused a sensation throughout religious circles in England, tells what the Church of England is coming to—says that it is Popish all but in name, and that it is in a bad way owing to the Romanising tendency of the majority of his brother churchmen. Following is the Archdeacon's account of how things stand to-day: "*Now* even the opinions of the greatest High Churchmen of yesterday are ignored, and the faithful presbyters of the Church of England who do the very things which the greatest leaders of the church have openly recommended or approved, are treated as if they were almost too contemptible to be noticed as having any share in the great work of the Church. By a sort of vaunting convention, which has already deceived the ignorant, no one is supposed to do any work but ritualists. The work of others, though it may be ten times wider and sounder, is ignored, and every merit they possess is either derided or passed over in a conspiracy of silence. The whole cause of the Reformation is going by default; and if the alienated laity, who have been driven into indifference by the Romish innovations and Romish doctrines forced upon them without any voice of theirs in the matter, do not awake in time, and assert their rights as sharers in the common and sole priesthood of all Christians, they will awake too late, to find themselves nominal members of a church which has become widely Popish in all but name—a church in which catholicity is every day being made more and more synonymous with stark Romanism, and in which the once honored name of Protestant is overwhelmed with calumny and insult." This is, indeed, serious. The Archdeacon dislikes to be a party to controversies in his church which he regards as ignoble. He has better work to do, he says, than to enter into an arena which he despises, and in which there is little but dust and noise!

IT is said that the first of the four most momentous dates in British history is about the year 449, when the Jutes landed in Thanet and commenced the conquest of the Teutonic kingdom of Kent. This invasion of the Jutes is an event of the first magnitude, since it laid the foundation of the English empire in the British Islands. The second great date is 1066, when William the Norman conquered the English at the battle of Hastings. A new civilization and a new political system were then introduced, and England took a definite place amongst the nations. The third momentous date is 1215. In that year King John signed the Magna Charta, and in so doing he virtually acknowledged that the Norman conqueror had been vanquished by the English people, and that henceforth the national will was to be the supreme power in the state. The civil wars of the seventeenth century and the revolution of 1689 were but further scenes in the one great act. The last of the four momentous dates is 1833, when the Reform Bill became law. Up to this time the nation for political purposes meant the upper classes, while the great body of the people had little direct influence in the state. By this act the middle classes became dominant, and subsequently they secured political equality for the laboring population, which has now only to learn its political

strength to become the dominant factor in the executive. Viewed in this light the issues of the Reform Bill are almost illimitable.

NOTICE TO CONFERENCE PPESIDENTS.—Until further notice this office will allow four shillings and a penny on the dollar for American gold and currency.

ARRIVALS.—The following Elders for the British mission arrived per the Guion steamer *Arizona*, Monday, May 29: Geo. A. Seaman, of Pleasant View, Utah, and Parley P. Parish, of Centerville, Utah.

RELEASES AND APPOINTMENTS.—Elder Lucian H. Crittenden is honorably released from his labors as traveling Elder in the Newcastle Conference, to return home.

Elders John H. Davis and Taliesan Evans are honorably released from their labors as traveling Elders in the Welsh Conference, to return home.

Elder W. Crowther is honorably released from his labors as traveling Elder in the Leeds Conference, to return home.

Elders Jas. S. Anderson and Jas. W. Gatherum are honorably released from their labors as traveling Elders in the Scottish Conference, to return home.

Elder Parley P. Parish is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Newcastle Conference.

Elder Geo. A. Seaman is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Leeds Conference.

THE POI EATER'S PROGRESS.

AT your first meal you inquire hungrily for poi, and there is brought you a little wooden bowl or calabash containing a queer-looking greyish, sticky compound, resembling paper-hanger's paste. You regard it askance, and ask for a spoon, but are told it is to be eaten with the fingers.

"Why, no one could take that stuff up in their fingers!" you gasp.

"Oh, yes, just see," and into a companion calabash your instructor dips two fingers, and with a twirl, only acquired by long practise, withdraws them loaded with the compound, which is at once transferred to his mouth and swallowed, his countenance assuming meantime an expression of beatified epicureanism. You do not know what expression may have taken its abode upon your visage, but you know your principal sensation is one of Simon-Pure horror.

"Now, you try it," says Epicurus. Tentatively you thrust one finger into the mess and gather up a minute dose of the delectable viand. As you raise it toward your mouth your nose takes cognizance of a sour smell that harmonises perfectly with the appearance of the poi. You close your eyes, and, mentally breathing forth a devout ejaculation, you open your mouth and suck the poi from your fingers.

By a sublime effort of will you keep your lips closed over the mouthful, while your companion looks on interestedly, evidently expecting to hear your palate scream with delight. Meantime your imagination is working

with lightning speed. The poi is cold and clammy. The poi tastes like stale yeast; it stings your tongue, and an unutterable disgust possesses your soul.

You are sure you are going to choke, though you know you dare not, and you figuratively take yourself by the throat and force yourself to swallow the compound. You can trace its progress through the œsophagus by the horrified shudder that organ gives as the mouthful passes along it; you can hear the villi in your stomach shriek as the frog-like lump makes its appearance among them, and you think you are going to die then and there. "Don't you like it?" you hear someone say. You struggle back to consciousness and murmur your fear that you are not educated to such a high point of taste.

"Oh, never mind," is the consoling reply. "You'll be so fond of it in a day or two you can't keep house without it."

You know better than that, but you offer no contradiction to the assertion. But if you would leave the islands with a conscience untainted by poi you must hold to your resolution, to abstain from tasting the stuff again. This will be difficult to do.

You will see all your acquaintances dipping into their calabashes and hear them expatiating on the delights of poi, and you begin to aspire to taste again. You think about it by day and by night, and at last you venture. You take another step along the downward pathway. As the poet has so touchingly described, "You first endure, then pity, then embrace" the calabash.

The closing steps in your career are easy to picture. You call for poi at every meal. You take poi for an appetizer, you use it at top-dressing after dessert, you ballast with it before eating, you use it for broken storage to make the other viands ride easy.

If your food doesn't taste good you eat a little poi to tone up your palate. If you are feeling out of sorts or under the weather you take a little poi for your stomach's sake. It is useful as an eye opener in the morning; it serves admirably as a nightcap on retiring; it takes the place of afternoon tea, and tiffin is incomplete without poi. In a word you have contracted the poi habit.

You grow critical in your judgment, and fancy you can discriminate between poi and poi. You become particular as to the shape and appearance of your calabash, and finally go down town and purchase one after your own taste. You deride the blunders of inexpert poi eaters.

It is not considered elegant to use more than two fingers in eating it or to put the stuff on the edge of the calabash or drop any of it in transit. You acquire a scientific twirl of the fingers in gathering up your mouthful and an airy grace in conveying it to your mouth. You feel your own loveliness while thus engaged, and believe that all beholders recognize it.

Poi is a dish that must long remain peculiar to the Hawaiian Islands—always, in fact, unless some means are contrived for preserving taro so that it will stand export. Poi is made from taro, a root resembling the turnip. It grows in the water with a large, handsome green leaf, and it is almost tasteless.

There is also an upland taro, cultivated in the mountains by the natives, which has a more decided taste, and which, as I learned to my cost on tasting it raw, bites the throat like horseradish. The low taro is the chief vegetable in the island, and in early days constituted the native's principal crop. When cooked, it assumes a mottled grey and white appearance, very like the lava rock that abounds everywhere in the islands. The process of manufacturing the poi is quite a lengthy one.

A great hole is dug in the ground, and into this the taro roots are placed around piles of hot stones. The earth is then heaped over the place and the taro left to steam. When the taro is thoroughly cooked, which is often in several hours, the roots are dug out again, peeled, and put into a huge stone receptacle, in which they are pounded to a pulp.

The "poi of commerce" is now made by machinery. The natives, however, make their own. When the mass is thoroughly beaten and smooth it is mixed with water to the proper consistency, about that of a good thick paste, strained through a coarse cloth, and set away for two or three days, until it begins to ferment, when it is ready to be eaten. It then tastes a little like buttermilk, and is very nutritious and wholesome. The natives eat it by the gallon. Give the average native a big pot of poi, half a dozen raw fish, and a bottle of gin, and you may have the kingdom and the rest of the earth as well. He will squat upon the ground, break the head off one of the fish, take a bite from its raw side, pack it in a mouthful of poi, and wash the whole down with a swallow of gin, and repeat the process until all have disappeared.

Singularly enough, revolting as this sounds, the actual scene is far from being disgusting. I have watched a dozen natives feeding thus, all dipping poi from the same calabash, and seen less dainty and cleanly table manners in many a hotel in the States. Why we should swallow a raw oyster without winking and shiver at raw fish is one of the mysteries of æsthetics few can solve.

Of course, readers will understand that only the poor class of natives live thus. To be sure all, from the Queen down, eat poi. I saw a notice among the regulations at the palace forbidding any smoking in the poi department, and bids are made and contracts let for supplying poi to the hospitals and other public institutions on the islands, as milk is provided at home.—*Call.*

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from Territorial papers.)

D. H. Peery, Jr., of Ogden, has been appointed clerk of the First Judicial District Court of Utah.

Charles C. Richards, of Ogden, son of Apostle F. D. Richards, qualified as Secretary of Utah, on May 15.

On May 16 the store of F. F. Bee, Pleasant Grove, was burned. The cost of the building was $2000 and it was insured for $1000.

Judge Blackburn, of the District Court, at Provo, has rendered a decision that national banks cannot charge more than eight per cent. interest.

A gold nugget received by Ben Hampton, of Salt Lake City, from the Osceola Mining company's works at Osceola, Nev., contains gold to the value of $772.

The warm weather has had the effect of raising the Ogden and Weber rivers several feet, and the people living along the banks of these streams are becoming very anxious.

Articles of incorporation of the Millville Dairy company were filed on May 16 with the Secretary of the Territory. The capital stock is $20,000 divided into 800 shares of $25 each.

On Monday, May 15, at East Bountiful, a three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giles, of that place, was drowned through falling from a footbridge into one of the mountain streams.

The contract for the new gravity sewer at Salt Lake City, has been awarded to Houlahan, Griffith, Morris, Hobson, and Wilkinson. It is to be built of concrete and brick and will cost $367,327,85.

A brace of cowardly burglars entered the premises of an old lady named Burton, at No. 524 west North Temple street, Salt Lake city, early on Saturday morning, May 13, and gagged, abused and robbed her of between $5 and $6 in cash.

A fire occurred at Pleasant Grove, on May 16, in the building occupied by Dillon & Moyle's saloon. The building and all its contents were completely destroyed. Only the walls are standing. The cost of the building was $2000, which was fully insured.

The Grant Soap Co., a new organization, have filed articles of incorporation. The stock is placed at $100,000. The works will be located at Salt Lake City. They are working under a new patent, and claim to be able to make soap of a better quality and at a much less cost than is now being done.

An audience of 10,000 people assembled at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Sunday night May 14, to listen to a lecture by John G. Woolley, a noted temperance evangelist. President Geo. Q. Cannon presided, and there were present on the stand a number of prominent men in the church, besides several reverend gentlemen of other denominations.

On May 5, Bishop Oscar Dunn, of College ward, Cache county, was arrested on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. He was taken before Commissioner Fletcher and placed under $1,000 bonds to appear for preliminary examination to-morrow. Jane A. Welch, the alleged plural wife, was put under $50 bonds, though this was unnecessary, as she was not placed under arrest.

The Board of Education, Salt Lake City, have issued a call for an election on June 5, 1893. The object of this election is to get the sanction of the tax payers of the city to authorize the Board to borrow $225,000 for school purposes. They claim that this sum is necessary to supply proper school buildings for the accommodation of the children, in the city and pay off their present indebtedness. The district is now owing $600,000, and the amount now asked for is the limit allowed by law.

Shortly after one o'clock on May 14, the rear end of Alick Thornton's saloon at American Fork, was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread rapidly and before two o'clock the building with all its contents was in ruins. On the south of the saloon was E. H. Bowley's butcher shop, which was also destroyed. At the north was Peter Adamson's saloon, which had the roof badly burned and window glass melted. Roberts Brothers, druggists, whose building joins Adamson's, suffered a loss from having their drugs and furnishings removed. The loss was $35,000, with no insurance.

Reports from Utah, on May 10, say that the weather had turned warm and pleasant, and grains that have been planted are looking well. Strawberries and apricots were in full bloom and other fruits had commenced to blossom. It was not anticipated that the recent frosts had injured the fruit crop, which gave promise of being large. Corn and potatoes were being planted in some districts. In the higher valleys, spring plowing had hardly commenced, and it seemed as if much of the lucern had been killed. High waters in parts of Millard county have done considerable damage to farms on the low lands, which were reported as under water.